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Lola's Secret

When she spoke to him next it was in a quiet, matter-of-fact way; all emotion, all agitation had vanished. She perceived at once that if she was to win him it must not be in that fashion.

"You are not thinking of going yet, Sir Karl," she said, "not just yet, I hope."

"It will take me some time to get my affairs in order," he replied; "but I shall go as soon as I can."

"We shall see you again, shall we not? I should like to give you one or two commissions in Paris, if you will accept them."

"I shall be pleased to render you any service," he answered, and to himself he added, "except that of falling in love with you."

"Thank you. It is seldom that we have a chance of getting anything from there. The name of De Ferras is proscribed in France. I will write out the list for you."

"But suppose that I am absent for some years?" he said. "Are they things that you want to see?"

"I will wait," she answered in a strange voice, "until you bring them. You will come back some day—home must have some ties for you. You will come back, and it may please you to find me waiting for them, and for you."

Her voice was full of tenderness, full of passion, and love shone in her eyes. He was simple, frank and honest. He said to himself that, if she really cared for him, it was cruel to let her continue the delusion. He had better say something that would open her eyes at once to the truth; but he never did.

"I hope to find you very happy when I come back," he said. "In all probability you will be the wife of some wealthy, kindly man, mistress of a fine establishment, and a queen of society."

He paused, started and averted his eyes. She stood before him and raised to his a pale white and full of pain, with eyes half-blinded with indignant tears.

"You wish me that?" she said. "You hope that, when you come home, I may be the wife of some other man—the mistress of some other home?"

"Certainly," he replied, deeply embarrassed. "What better fate could I desire for you?"

"You wish it? Remember this, and carry the memory of my words away with you: I would be glad to die that such a thing should happen."

Without another word she went away, leaving him alone. He hated himself because of the position he was in. He said to himself that no man had ever been made to look so contemptible before; but he felt that unless he had spoken as he had he would not have been an honest man.

de Ferras evidently liked him, and he did not respond to her liking; therefore it was best to let her know the truth—yet how hateful the truth seemed to be to tell. How he looked himself and wished that he never had seen de Ferras, but he had seen him, and he did not respond to her liking; therefore it was best to let her know the truth—yet how hateful the truth seemed to be to tell.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "it is not the women who amuse that are always loved; Lola is not such a woman, and those fair-haired Englishmen love sentiment. If Lola had a little more sentiment, it would be all the better, perhaps, as she will have to marry an Englishman."

Madame de Ferras, who, in her gentle fashion, thought her daughter wanting in sentiment and romance, had no idea of the depths of tragic passion in her heart; and, if any one had told her that Lola was capable of such self-sacrifice as to give her life for love or revenge, she would have neither understood nor believed it.

(To be Continued.)

and be no nearer to you than I am now? Oh, Karl, if it be in the power of woman to win you, I will win you. I will devote my life to the cause, should I from the whole world have chosen to love this one man who will never love me?"

And then and there she made this vow, which influenced her future life, and made of it one long tragedy. She swore that she would win his love, that her beauty and the gifts nature had lavished upon her, should all be used for this one purpose. Even as she had studied love, she would bear all his coldness with gentleness; but she would win him in the end. All the wild, impetuous passionate nature was roused. In that hour and in that mood she was capable of anything.

She knelt down upon the grass and registered a vow that he should be hers—that she would, in spite of all obstacles, win his love, and that, rather than she should take any other woman home as mistress of Scarsdale, she would kill him or kill herself.

"I shall be successful," she said to herself, as she went back to the house. "It may be long years, but I shall win in the end; and then—then I shall be happy."

She pondered long and deeply that one vexed question why he did not love her. And she came to the right conclusion as late as had preferred Dolores Clefden. Well, when Dolores was married, and he, tired of wandering, came home again, he would be almost sure to turn to her—unless indeed he met some one abroad. But he should not forget her; she would keep herself constantly before his mind; she would write to him, give him continually little commissions to execute for her; she would so entwine herself with his life that he would never be able to loosen the ties, slight though they were, that bound them together. She loved him so well that years of patient waiting seemed nothing to her; she could look beyond them to the time when he should find that the real happiness of his life lay in her love. Until then—and the time would come—the very greatness of her love would attract his attention.

With a resolute look on her face which was never to leave it again, she went back to her mother.

"Has Sir Karl some dear child?" asked Madame de Ferras, who had not finished my business with him."

"He was in a hurry today; he is going to Paris, mamma—to our beautiful France—and going soon."

"Going away," she said slowly; and then she laid her hands lovingly on the dark head.

"Does it grieve thee, dear Lola, that he is going away? I have often thought that this sweet face I love so well, the brighter for his coming. Was I right?"

"He has been a pleasant friend, and I shall miss him very much," she replied.

"Nothing more, Lola?" said Madame de Ferras, gently. "Only a pleasant friend?"

"They are scarce enough, mamma," answered the girl with a careless laugh. "I am sure that amongst my friends the boys outnumber the pleasant ones. Sir Karl is decidedly an agreeable companion. He understands one without the trouble of entering into a long explanation. Before he speaks he very often seems to know what I am going to say."

"That is the quick intuition of sympathy," returned Madame de Ferras. "There are persons who hardly need to exchange two words; they seem to read each other's minds at a glance. When does Sir Karl go, Lola?" she asked.

"He did not tell me. He said that he should not be here for the wedding festivities; and as Dolores is to be married in a few weeks now, he will go soon, I should think."

Madame de Ferras had often said to herself that the master of Scarsdale was above all other men, the one she should choose for her daughter's husband. She liked his frank manner and his nobility of character.

"I would give you more," she would say to herself, "for every my Beautiful France, if I could leave my daughter in charge of a husband like Sir Karl."

She had never said anything about it to Lola; but this had been one of the greatest desires of her life, and most probably had been the reason why she had sent for him to give her advice on every imaginable subject. She had begun to believe and hope that her wishes would be fulfilled; Sir Karl seemed always so happy and amused when in company with Lola.

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TEA In Two Minutes

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Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tea in an earthen pot, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes. Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co. 140 BUNDAS ST.

Napping!

British Ambuscade a Boer Commando.

Enemy Lose 160 Men in Killed, Wounded and Missing—Reports From Canadian Commander.

London, Oct. 15.—Lord Roberts was today gazetted honorary colonel of the new regiment of Irish Guards.

BOERS SURPRISED. A Durban dispatch says: Near Vryheid, a Boer commando was taken in ambuscade by Bethune's mounted infantry, the Boers losing 60 killed, 35 wounded and 65 taken prisoners.

BOERS USE EXPANDING BULLETS. Pretoria, Oct. 15.—Gen. Pole-Carew and the rest of the Guards have arrived here, including the detachment of the Coldstream Guards, whose train was thrown off the line near Pan railway station. Every wound which the men received in that affair was caused by expanding bullets, and some of them are terribly severe.

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After a separation of 35 years, the Cobban family, to the number of nine—Archibald Cobban, of Chicago; Mrs. A. Riddle, of Nebraska; Mrs. McRae, of Dunwich; Mrs. Kay, of Westminster; Daniel, William, James, and Miss Christina, of Canada; township—met at the home of the eldest brother, John Cobban, of Mount Brydges, on Oct. 11, when a very pleasant time was spent in social chat, and in recalling incidents and scenes of the long synopses for some of them have passed the threescore years and ten—the frolics and relics of their youthful days, when around one common fireside they share one common care and fare.

They recalled also some sad scenes, for some, who at that time parted with the common lot, are not. They spoke also of the sunshine and shadow of young days, and maturer years, and concluded that there had been more shine than shadow. A substantial mid-day meal was spread, a bill of fare to tempt the appetites of less hearty ones than those now invited to step into the spacious dining-room. As we saw them seated once more around the same board, we went back in memory to Scotia's lovely shores, where in youthful days, with father at head, and mother at foot of table, they met, a happy unbroken band, and with bowed head before their partook waited till God was thanked and praised.

Besides five brothers and four sisters there were present a number of invited guests, including Mrs. Cobban, of Middlemiss, widow of a deceased brother; Mr. and Mrs. R. Cobban, of Muncey road, cousin to the family, and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Leitch, of Delaware village.

The time for parting came, the usual "good-byes" were said, and all left for their respective homes, leaving brother John and his only daughter once more to pursue the even tenor of their way.

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The report says, was doing excellent work on the line of communication.

Major Ogilvie, of E battery, reports the death of Trumpeter Bradley, of his battery, Quebec. His report covers from Oct. 27 to Sept. 9. Major Ogilvie reports the arrival of boots and warm clothing from Col. Biggar at Cape Town.

Lieut.-Col. Evans, commanding the second battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles, writes from Nootgedacht, under the date of Sept. 5. He gives an account of the repulse of the Boer attack on their post at Nootgedacht on Sept. 5, the post consisting of 100 men, under Major Saunders, formerly of the North-west Mounted Police. It was in this engagement that Major Saunders and Lieut. Hoyle were slightly wounded, and Sergeant Haynes, D. McCulloch, Ptes. W. Strong, A. Shuln, B. W. Calendermen and T. Duxbury were killed.

Western Ontario. The Bishop of Huron has appointed Rev. Edwin Lee, of Hespeler, to the church in the parish of Mooretown.

Robert Barr has been elected president; Dr. P. A. Dewar, vice-president; Andrew Baird, secretary; George Baird, treasurer, and Rev. J. C. Tolmie, chaplain, of St. Andrew's Society, Windsor.

The G. T. R. authorities have a gang of men and teams at work at Palmerston, putting in another siding where the freight house stood, the late Thomas Jones having been moved some distance down the yard. A cattle pen is also being built and a number of other alterations made.

The death took place on Friday afternoon of Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, widow of the late Thomas Jones, in the 86th year of her age. Deceased was a native of Nova Scotia, and removed to South-west in 1868. Her husband, the late Thomas Jones, died about a year afterwards. She leaves three sons and eight daughters. The sons are: Fleming, of

Wallacetown; Thomas, of Lake Road, and Robert, on the homestead. The daughters are: Mrs. Thomas Brady and Miss Mary Galt; Mrs. Evans, West Lorne; Mrs. Wm. McLachlan, Oueda road, Southwold; Mrs. Walter Glasgow, Durton; Mrs. Charles Glasgow, Watson's Corners; Mrs. D. McIntosh, Eastbrook; and Mrs. John McKillop, St. Thomas.

Mr. Wrightman, who lives east of Springfield village, suffered the loss of one of his fingers a few days ago. He had been suffering from a felon which he lance with a rusted instrument. Blood-poisoning set in and it was found necessary to amputate the finger close to the hand.

Mrs. R. McLellan, of Nilestown, died on Sunday after a lingering illness. The deceased was a native of Scotland, with her parents in 1845. Mr. and Mrs. John Wonnacott, and resided in London township for a number of years, when she was married to Mr. Henry Harris, and removed to Rochester township, where her husband died. She was married some four years ago to Mr. McLellan, who still survives. She leaves behind her a family of seven sons and two daughters to mourn her loss.

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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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A. WESTMAN

111 Dundas Street. Branch—654 Dundas Street. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS UNDERTAKERS. WAREHOUSE—180 King Street. FACTORY—Globe Casket Works. Telephone—543, and house 373.

Babies Suffer With Eczema

Scald Head, Prickly Heat, Rash and Many Skin Irritations Which Are Immediately Relieved and Speedily Cured By Dr. Chase's Ointment

So soft and delicate is baby's skin that it is highly subject to irritations, itching and chafing, which become acute misery to the little ones. Many mothers are puzzled to know what to apply, and frequently do more harm than good by using greasy mixtures recommended by people they meet.

Every woman who has used Dr. Chase's Ointment in the toilet as a baby's best friend, and cure for pimples, blackheads and similar disfiguring ailments, knows that it is so delightfully soothing and healing in its effects as to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is wonderfully prompt in relieving the many sufferings which come from itching, irritated and chafed skin, and is so thorough and far-reaching in its action, as to completely cure the worst kind of baby eczema and scald head.

Mrs. A. McKnight, Kirkwall, Wellington, Ont., writes: "I feel it my duty to let you know what Dr. Chase's Ointment has done in a very bad case of eczema on our baby. We had tried any number of cures without any permanent relief, but from the hour we commenced using Dr. Chase's Ointment there was great relief, and the improvement continued until there was complete cure. We think it is the greatest of family ointments."

No one preparation could possibly be of greater value in the home than Dr. Chase's Ointment, because scarcely a week passes that some member of the family is not troubled with some irritation or itching of the skin, pimples, blackheads, cuts or burns, in all of which the antiseptic, healing influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment is quickly felt.

Your doctor, your druggist and any one else who knows of the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment will recommend it to you as the standard healing preparation of the age, and as the only positive and absolute cure for eczema, salt rheum, and every form of skin irritation and eruption. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-Rates & Co., Toronto.

BABIES LIKE IT. Doctor Hammond-Hall's English Teething Syrup, Comforts Crying Children, without stupefying opiates, narcotics, alcohol, pernicious sugar syrup, or any hurtful drugs. A sterling English remedy, approved by English Doctors. Price 25 cts., at druggists.

BRITISH CHEMISTS COMPANY, TORONTO, CAN. Ask for English Teething Syrup, and Take No Substitute. (45 624)

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